

Featuring  
in this  
issue...

**KIT WEST**

in **THE DEVIL'S  
SCOURGE**

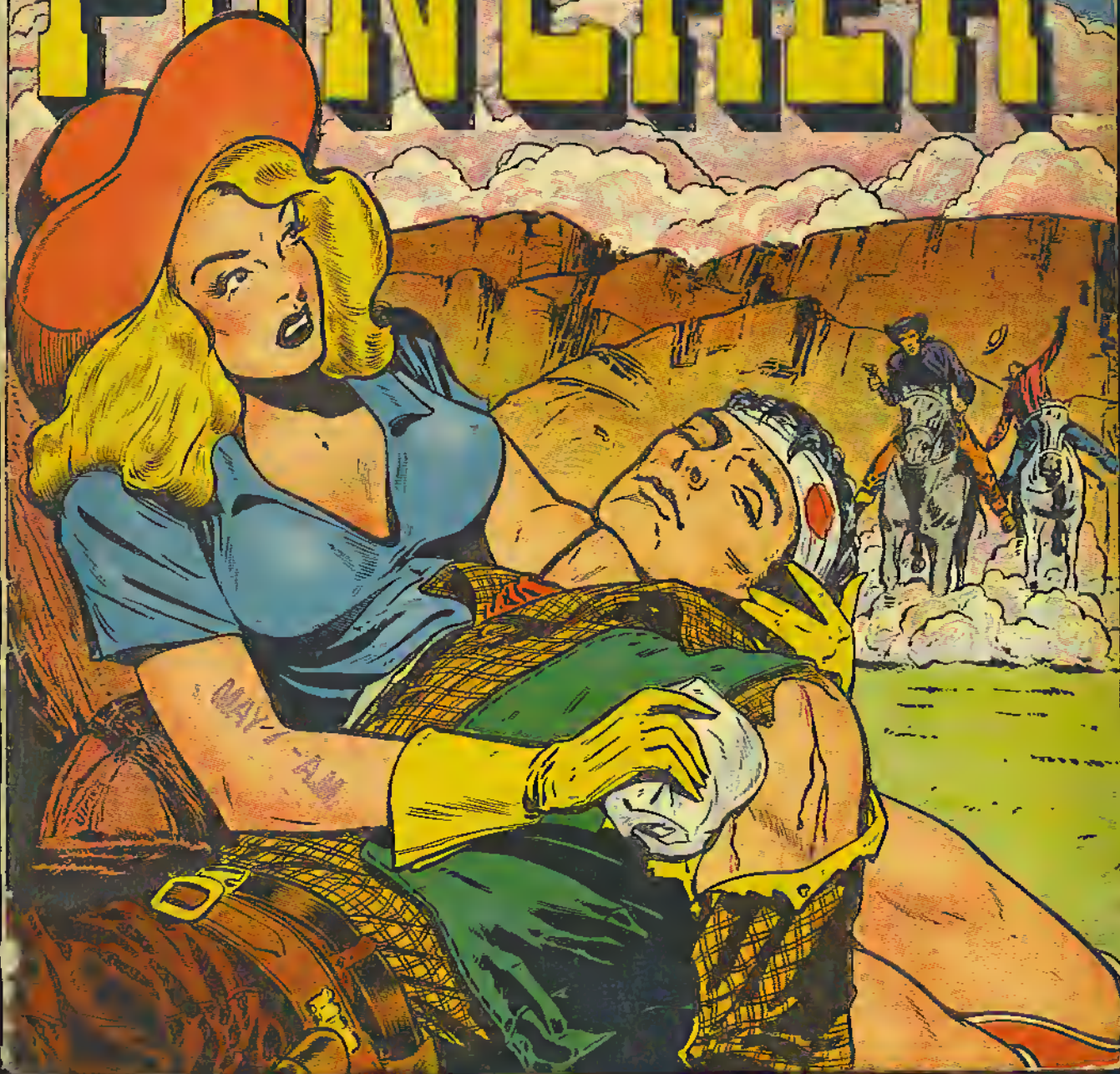


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# KIT WEST

## in the DEVIL'S SCOURGE

MANY MEN HAVE  
STOOD UP TIME AND  
AGAIN TO CONQUER  
MANY FORMS OF  
TERROR. BUT WHAT  
MORTAL CAN BEHOLD  
THE HORROR OF THE  
SUPERNATURAL, THE  
APPARITION OF  
EVIL INCARNATE  
WITHOUT HEARING  
THE CLAP OF DOOM  
IN HIS EARS? IT  
WAS WITH THIS  
PETRIFIED FEELING-  
THAT **KIT WEST**,  
QUEEN OF PIONEERS,  
DID BATTLE WITH  
THE DEVIL HIMSELF,  
WITH THE FATE OF  
THE FRONTIER LYING  
IN THE BALANCE!





IN THAT DENSE WILDERNESS  
LATER KNOWN AS MISSOURI, A  
SLIM, BEAUTEOUS GIRL BENDS  
CURIOUSLY OVER THE SOD...



INDIANS! AT LEAST  
A SCORE OF THEM  
PASSED THIS WAY -  
NOT FIVE HOURS  
AGO!

TO LOBONDO AND HIS  
BRAVES DARE TAKE  
THE WARPAT AFTER  
THE DEFEAT THEY  
SUFFERED LAST YEAR  
AT FORT YORK! I  
THOUGHT WE'D DIS-  
COURAGED HIS BLOOD-  
THIRSTY MOHALIS FOR  
GOOD!



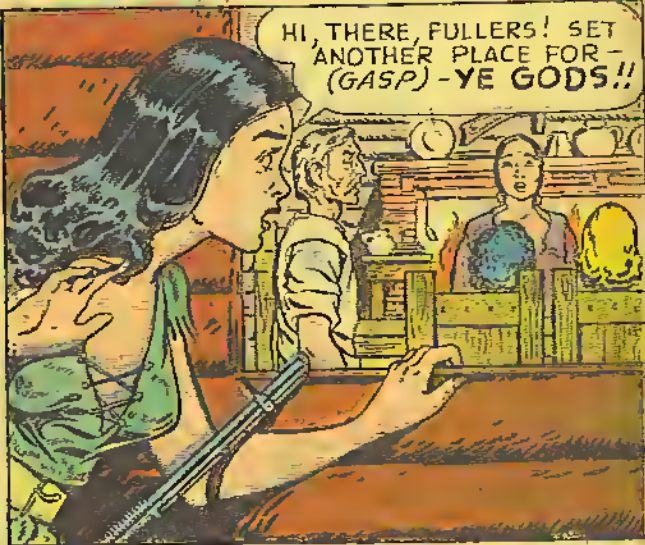
THEY PASSED HERE,  
ALL RIGHT.. CAMP  
FIRE... DEER BONES,  
YET NO SIGN OF A  
SHOE PRINT - SO NO  
CAPTIVES!



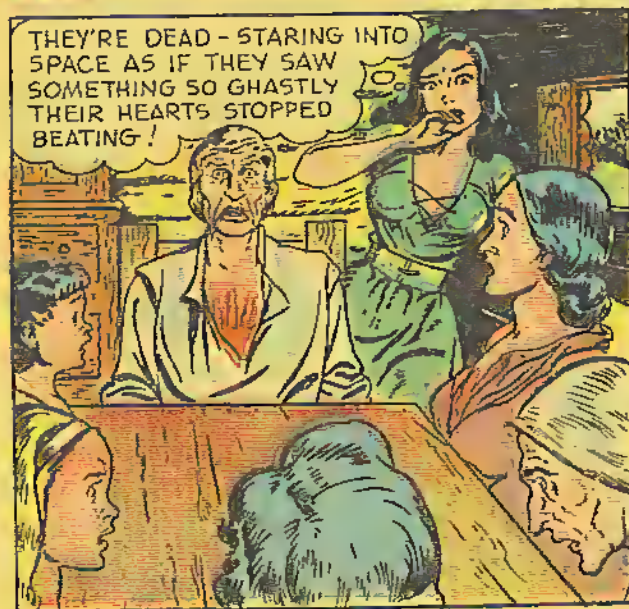
HOURS LATER... A CLEARING...



I WAS RIGHT! THERE'S THE  
FULLER CABIN - NO BURNING  
BUILDING - NO SCALPED  
BODIES - EVERYBODY  
INDOORS FOR SUPPER.  
I'LL SNEAK UP AND  
SURPRISE THEM!



HI, THERE, FULLERS! SET  
ANOTHER PLACE FOR -  
(GASP) - YE GODS!!



THEY'RE DEAD - STARING INTO  
SPACE AS IF THEY SAW  
SOMETHING SO GHASTLY  
THEIR HEARTS STOPPED  
BEATING!

THEY COULDN'T HAVE BEEN  
SURPRISED AT SUPPER - NOTHING  
COOKING IN THE POT - - BREAK-  
FAST DISHES STILL UNWASHED -  
THAT'S NOT LIKE MRS. FULLER  
(SNIFF) - THERE'S A FUNNY  
ODOR HERE.. LIKE (SNIFF)...





GOOD GRACIOUS! A HAND  
PRINT ON MR. FULLER'S CHEST.  
HORNY, RED -- BURNING THE  
FLESH IT TOUCHED!



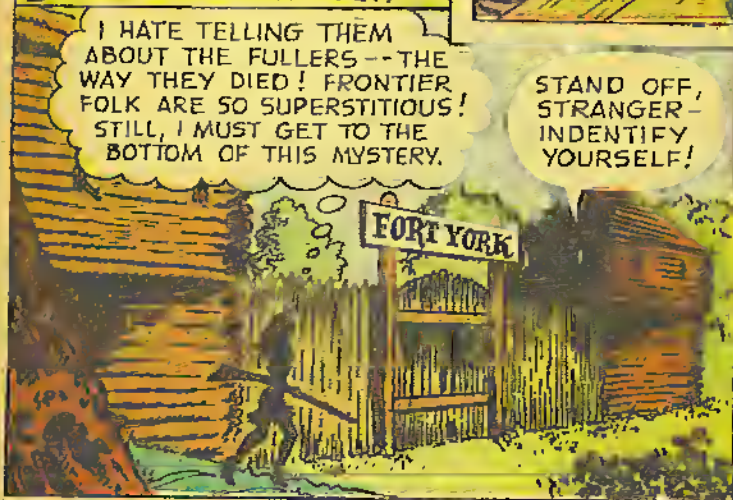
THEY ALL HAVE THE SAME  
HAND PRINTS! WHAT GRISLY JOKE  
IS THIS? WHO PROPPED UP  
THESE BODIES? THIS ISN'T  
MURDER, INJUN STYLE -- IT'S --  
IT'S WEIRD!



EARLY NEXT MORNING...

I HATE TELLING THEM  
ABOUT THE FULLERS -- THE  
WAY THEY DIED! FRONTIER  
FOLK ARE SO SUPERSTITIOUS!  
STILL, I MUST GET TO THE  
BOTTOM OF THIS MYSTERY.

STAND OFF,  
STRANGER --  
IDENTIFY  
YOURSELF!



KIT WEST! OPEN YOUR  
GATES! I HAVE BAD NEWS!

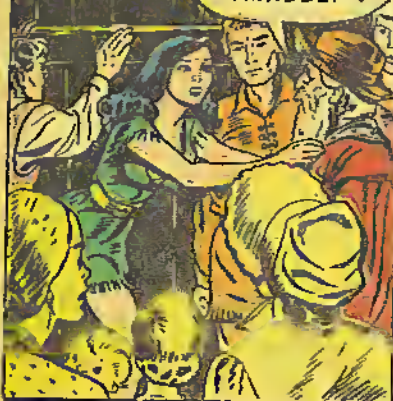


THE FULLERS --  
FROM GRANDMA  
TO THE  
BABIES -- ALL  
DEAD!!

WAS THERE  
A SMELL  
OF BRIM-  
STONE...  
HORNY, RED  
HANDPRINTS  
AN' A LOOK ON  
THEIR FACES  
AS IF THEY SAW  
BEELZEBUB  
HIMSELF?

W-WHY--  
YES! HOW  
DID YOU  
KNOW?

IT'S BEEN  
GOIN' ON  
FER  
MONTHS --  
MORE'N A  
DOZEN FAMILIES  
FOUND LIKE THAT!  
THE SETTLERS ARE  
SCAIRT TO DEATH!  
THEY'RE LEAVIN'  
IN DROVES!



MEANWHILE, AT A  
CABIN FOUR MILES AWAY...





WICKED MORTALS, PREPARE  
TO DIE! THE DEVIL HAS  
COME FOR YOUR SOULS!  
HEE! HEE! HEE!

CHILDREN--  
R-RUN! RUN  
FOR YOUR  
LIVES!

NOBODY CATCHES  
ME HERE WHEN WE  
PLAY HIDE-AND-  
SEEK! THE BAD  
DEVIL WON'T FIND  
ME EITHER!

HEE!--  
HEE-EE!

AN  
HOUR  
LATER

W-WHY, THE DEVIL'S GONE!  
AND EVERYBODY'S HERE--MA,  
PA, WILLIE, JO-ANN... SITTING  
AROUND THE TABLE FOR  
SUPPER...

SHE LOOKS SO FUNNY...THEY ALL DO--  
THEY'RE DEAD! THE D-DEVIL  
KILLED THEM! (SOB!)

SO NONE OF  
YOU KNOWS  
WHY OR HOW  
THESE EERIE  
MURDERS  
HAPPENED?

OPEN THE  
GATE (SOB!)  
PLEASE!

IT'S LITTLE  
JOHNNY  
TERRIGAN!

THE DEVIL CAME...KILLED  
EVERYONE BUT ME!  
I HID IN A CHEST...THE  
DEVIL BURNED EVERY-  
BODY WITH HIS HANDS!

DEVIL-BOSH! IT'S AN  
INJUN EVIL SPIRIT, I  
TELL YOU--TAKES  
THE SHAPE OF THE  
DEVIL--TO DRIVE US  
OFF THIS CURSED  
LAND!

...AYE, A  
DEADLY CURSE  
THE OLD MOHALI  
MEDICINE MEN PUT ON  
IT EVER SINCE SPANISH  
CONQUISTADORS SLAUGHTER-  
ED THE MOHALI BRAVES  
LIKE  
MICE!



...200 YEARS AGO, DON FORTUNATO HUERTA, A CRUEL CONQUISTADOR, ALMOST WIPE OUT THE MOHALI TRIBE ON THE VERY GROUND WE STAND ON...

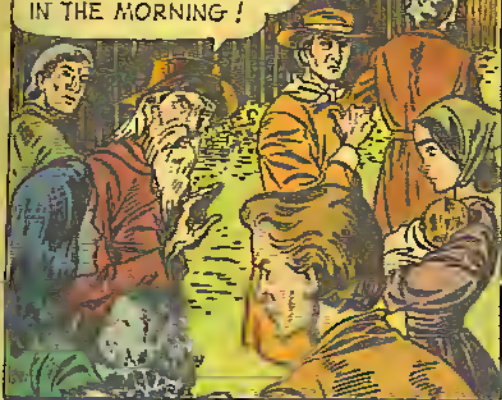


...BECAUSE OF THIS, THE MOHALI MEDICINE MEN CURSED THE LAND, BEGGING THE EVIL SPIRITS TO BRING DEATH TO ANY WHITE MEN WHO LIVED HERE!



THE EVIL EYE HAS TAKEN THE SHAPE OF THE DEVIL TO MURDER EVERY WHITE ON THIS TERRITORY. I'M LEAVING FORT YORK IN THE MORNING!

ME TOO!



THEY'LL ALL GO - FORT YORK IS FINISHED NOW!

NO, TIMOTHY! NOT IF I CAN PROVE THIS DEVIL IS MORTAL! KEEP THEM HERE - AT GUN POINT, IF NEED BE - UNTIL I COME BACK!



GRISLY DAWN--AT THE TERRIGAN CABIN...

LITTLE JOHNNY DIDN'T LIE! THERE'S THE CHEST HE HID IN - THE BRIMSTONE SMELL - THE RED PALMS OVER THE CORPSES' HEARTS - COULD OLD-TIMER BE RIGHT? IS THE EVIL SPIRIT ON THE WARPATH?



PLAINLY MARKED INDIAN TRAIL... BEARING SOUTH. IT MIGHT LEAD TO SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT THAN R T IN WARPAINT!



DUK - THE SAME DAY...

FATHER! LOOK! KIT WEST, WHO DEFEATED US LAST YEAR!

AHH, MY SON, THE TRIBAL GODS ARE GOOD TO LOBONDO. SHE MUST BE TAKEN ALIVE!







IEE-EEE-!

QUICKLY-OVERWHELM  
THE WHITE  
WITCH!



EXCELLENT! NOW BIND  
HER. THE ENTERTAINMENT  
I PLAN WILL BEGIN WITH  
THE DEVIL'S VISIT!

CRACK!



THE DEVIL  
IS READY,  
LOBONDO.

GOOD!  
AWAKEN  
THE WHITE  
WITCH!



MARK HOW THE DEVIL  
APPROACHES THAT CABIN  
- LIKE DEATH ITSELF!

I AM  
POWERLESS TO  
HELP THAT  
FAMILY!

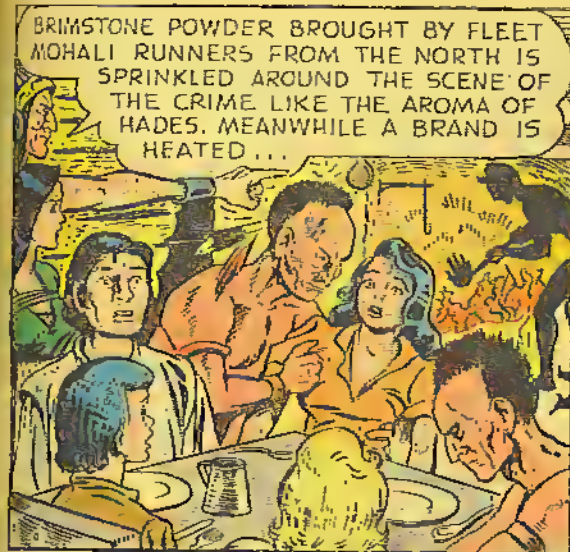


THE WHITE FOOLS FEAR  
THE DEVIL IS NOT HUMAN,  
SO THEY DO NOT SHOOT.  
THEY SCURRY FROM THE  
CABIN LIKE MICE FROM  
A BURNING TEPEE!!

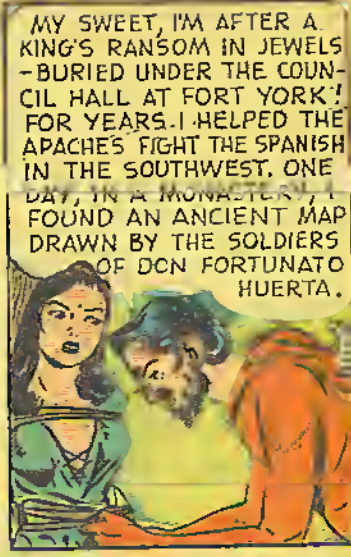
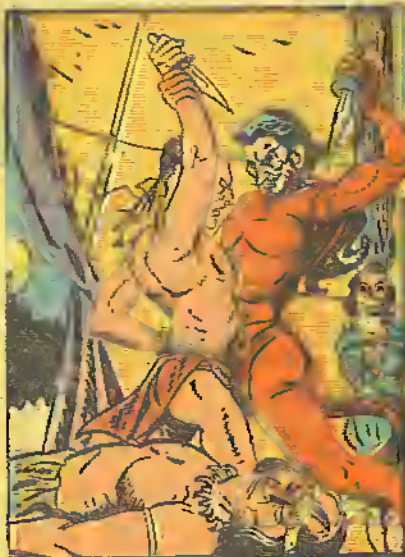


THEY RUN UNARMED INTO A SCORE OF BRAVES WHO  
CARRY ONLY PILLOWS, AND ARE SMOTHERED TO  
DEATH. THE LITTLE ONES DIE WITH THE BIG ONES.









MY SWEET, I'M AFTER A KING'S RANSOM IN JEWELS - BURIED UNDER THE COUNCIL HALL AT FORT YORK! FOR YEARS I HELPED THE APACHES FIGHT THE SPANISH IN THE SOUTHWEST. ONE DAY, IN A MONASTERY, I FOUND AN ANCIENT MAP DRAWN BY THE SOLDIERS OF DON FORTUNATO HUERTA.

\*-ACCORDING TO DON FORTUNATO'S MEN, HUERTA BURIED A FORTUNE IN JEWELS TAKEN FROM MEXICAN TREASURE HOUSES, ON THE PRESENT SITE OF FORT YORK. BUT HE NEVER CAME BACK FOR THEM -- HE DIED OF FEVER WHILE CROSSING THE MISSISSIPPI...

HUERTA DIED, BUT I STUMBLED UPON HIS FORTUNE! MY TERROR SCHEME WILL MAKE FORT YORK A DESERT... THEN WE WILL DIG UP THE JEWELS AND LIVE IN EUROPE LIKE **ROYALTY!**

YES, DARLING, KISS ME --



MY FATHER ALWAYS DID SAY

THERE WAS A BIT OF THE DEVIL IN ME! SO BYE-BYE, DESERTER... YOU'RE GOING TO COLLECT A PAYMENT THAT'S LONG OVERDUE!



ER-LOBONDO - I HEARD SOME FUNNY NOISES IN YOUR SON'S TEEPEE... BETTER SEE IF EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT WITH THAT WHITE WITCH!

QUICKLY - THERE MAY BE TROUBLE!



IT'S THE KISS OF DEATH!

NOW TO LEAVE A LOVE LETTER FOR LOBONDO!





MACHETE HAS BETRAYED US. HE KILLED YOUR SON AND FREED KIT WEST. HE WANTED NOTHING FOR US-ONLY TREASURE FOR HIMSELF!

LET HIM SLEEP. HE WILL AWAKEN AT THE STAKE!



THAT NIGHT

MACHETE'S REIGN OF TERROR IS ENDED. EVEN NOW KIT WEST GIVES HIS SECRET AWAY! ONLY KNIVES CAN REMOVE THE WHITES FROM FORT YORK- WE ATTACK AT DAWN!!



AT FORT YORK, THE SAME NIGHT...

SO YOU SEE HOW FOOLISH YOUR FEARS WERE?

YOU SURE HAD US SCARED, KIT! WHO'D DREAM THAT CARLOS MACHETE HATCHED THIS DEVILISH PLOT?



AND NOW-BE PREPARED FOR A MOHALI ATTACK! LCBONDO KNOWS DELAY WILL ONLY BRING REINFORCEMENTS TO FORT YORK!



AT DAWN THE MOHALIS ATTACK



AT NOON, THE MOHALIS RETREATED, DRAGGING THEIR DEAD BEHIND THEM!

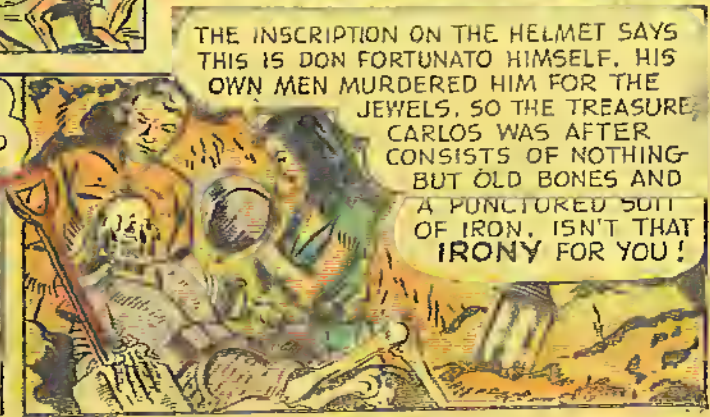


THEY'LL NEVER RECOVER FROM THIS ROUT! NOW LET'S SEE IF THERE ARE ANY JEWELS BURIED UNDER THE COUNCIL HALL!



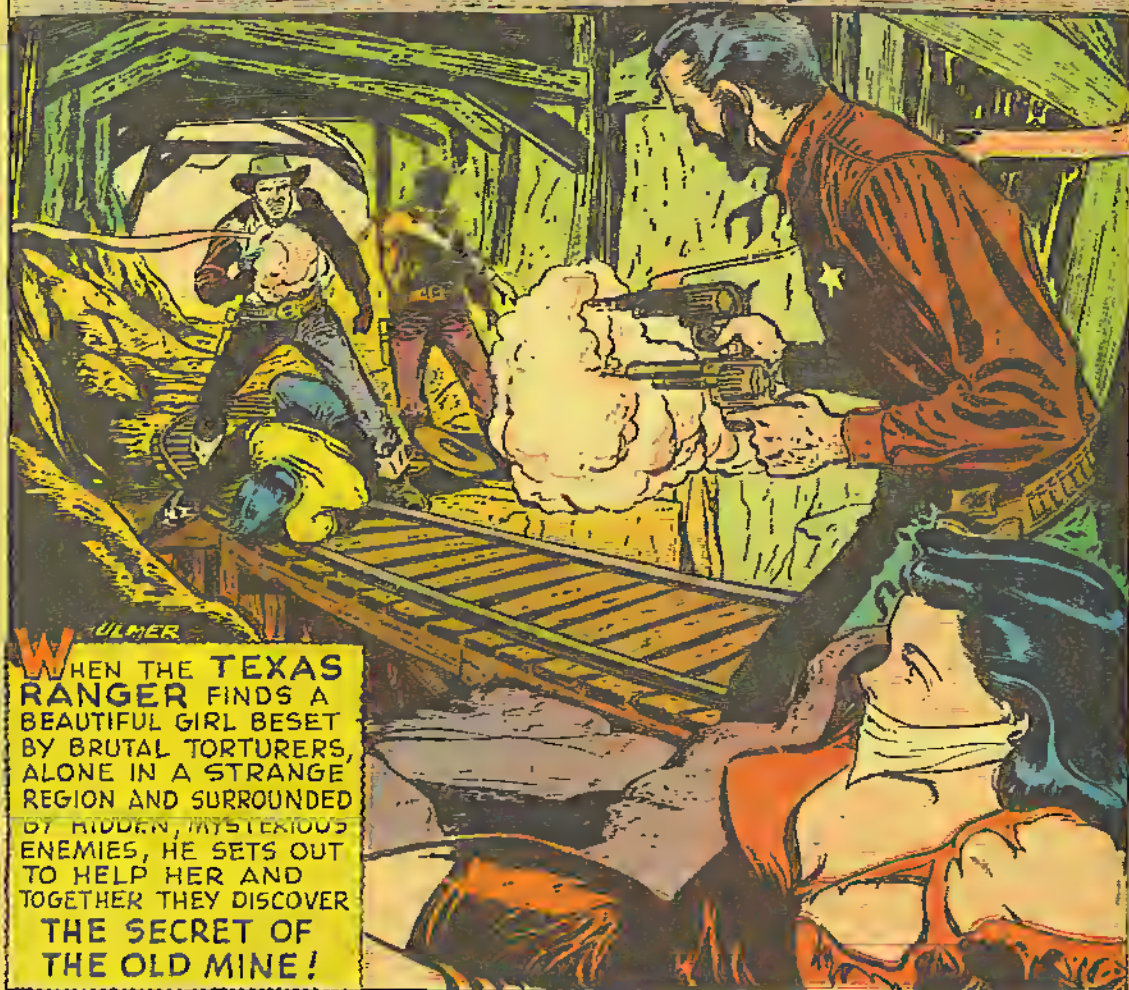
THE INSCRIPTION ON THE HELMET SAYS THIS IS DON FORTUNATO HIMSELF. HIS OWN MEN MURDERED HIM FOR THE JEWELS, SO THE TREASURE CARLOS WAS AFTER CONSISTS OF NOTHING BUT OLD BONES AND

A PUNCTURED SUIT OF IRON. ISN'T THAT IRONY FOR YOU!





# THE SECRET OF THE OLD MINE



**W**HEN THE TEXAS RANGER FINDS A BEAUTIFUL GIRL BESET BY BRUTAL TORTURERS, ALONE IN A STRANGE REGION AND SURROUNDED BY HIDDEN, MYSTERIOUS ENEMIES, HE SETS OUT TO HELP HER AND TOGETHER THEY DISCOVER THE SECRET OF THE OLD MINE!

ON TOWN ONE DAY, THE TEXAS RANGER PAUSES AS HE RIDES UP MAIN STREET...

'MORNIN', MRS. BROOKS. WAITING FOR SOMEONE?

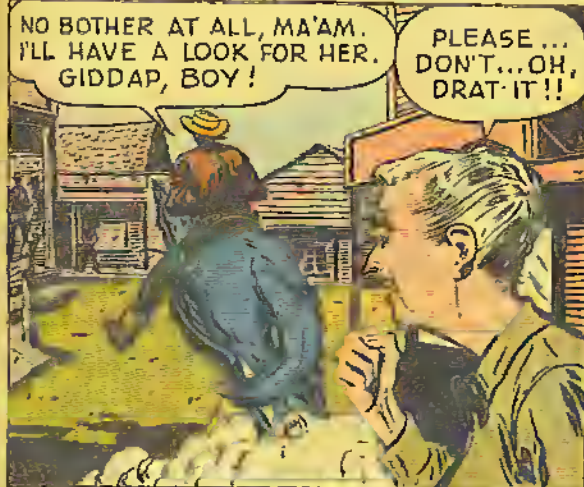
WHY, YES, RANGER. MY NEICE JOAN WAS SUPPOSED TO ARRIVE FROM THE EAST TODAY. SHE'S OVERDUE.

I'LL RIDE OUT AND SEE IF I CAN MEET HER. I WAS A-GOIN' OUT THAT WAY ANYWAY.

OH, NO -- DON'T BOTHER --! I'M SURE SHE'S IN NO DANGER.

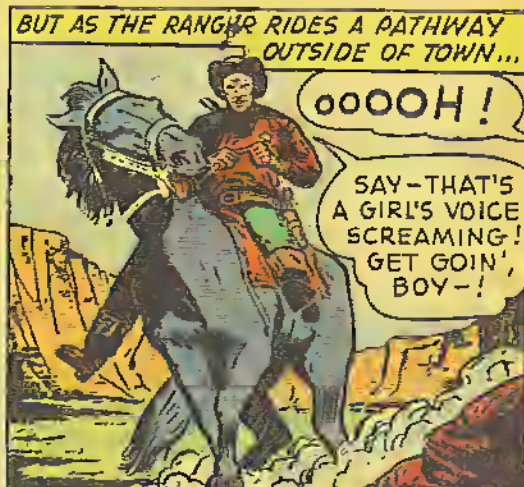






NO BOTHER AT ALL, MA'AM.  
I'LL HAVE A LOOK FOR HER.  
GIDDAP, BOY!

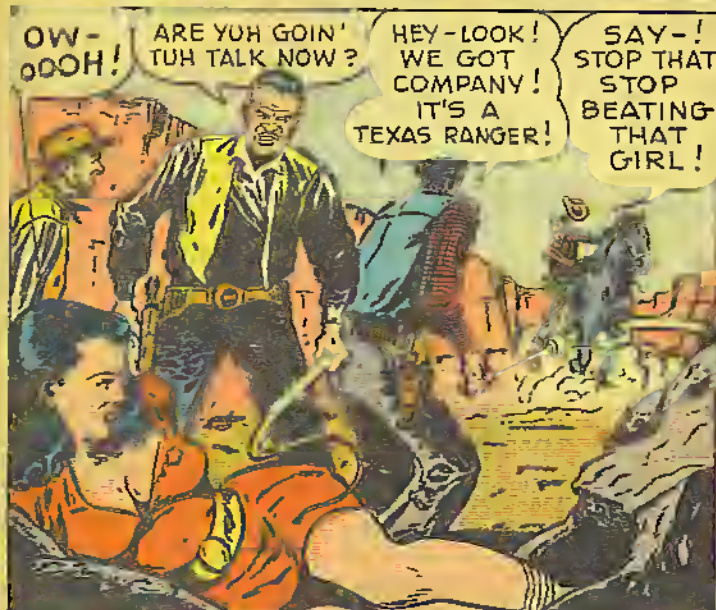
PLEASE...  
DON'T...OH,  
DRAT-IT!!



BUT AS THE RANGHER RIDES A PATHWAY  
OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

OOOOH!

SAY-THAT'S  
A GIRL'S VOICE  
SCREAMING!  
GET GOIN',  
BOY-!



OW-  
OOOH!

ARE YUH GOIN'  
TUH TALK NOW?

HEY-LOOK!  
WE GOT  
COMPANY!  
IT'S A  
TEXAS RANGHER!

SAY-!  
STOP THAT!  
STOP  
BEATING  
THAT  
GIRL!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS  
HOMBRE!

UHH!



THAT'S EASIER  
SAID THAN DONE!

OW-OOO--!



NOW IT'S MY  
TURN! LET'S  
SEE HOW A  
DOSE OF LEAD  
APPEALS  
TO YOU -

C'MON-RUN  
FOR IT!

WE'LL  
TAKE CARE  
O' HIM  
SOME OTHER  
TIME!



TOO BAD THEY'VE  
GOTTEN AWAY. AND  
NOW FOR YOU, YOUNG  
LADY, I'LL HAVE YOU  
UNTIED IN A SECONO.  
WHAT IS THIS ALL  
ABOUT?

I'M SO GLAD YOU  
CAME--I THOUGHT  
I'D NEVER BE  
SAVEO. THEY  
MUST'VE BEEN AFTER  
THE SECRET OF THE  
OLD GOLD MINE



OO YOU MEAN THE OLD DESERTED  
COLBY MINE THAT TEO BROOKS  
OWNED? THAT MINE'S  
NO GOOD.

MAYBE! MY NAME  
IS JOAN BROOKS. WHEN  
MY UNCLE, TED BROOKS,  
DIED RECENTLY, HE  
SENT ME A STRANGE  
MESSAGE.



HE SAID THERE WAS A HIDDEN VEIN  
OF GOLD IN THAT MINE AND THEN HE  
DREW A PICTURE OF A TOP HAT AND  
A SHOVEL. I THINK IT'S SOME SORT OF  
CLUE AND I  
MUST FIGURE  
IT OUT.

HMMM... HE MUST'VE  
SEEN SOME KIND OF  
DANGER TO SEND YOU  
SUCH A CRYPTIC  
MESSAGE.



YES, UNCLE TEO  
MUST HAVE, PERHAPS  
YOU CAN HELP ME  
UNRAVEL THE  
SECRET. I... I HAVE  
FEW FRIENDS  
OUT HERE.

OF COURSE I'LL  
HELP YOU, JOAN.  
YOU'RE IN DANGER  
HERE. NOW LET'S  
GET BACK. YOUR  
AUNT WAS WAITING  
FOR YOU WHEN I  
LEFT TOWN. I'LL  
TAKE YOU OUT TO  
THE BROOKS RANCH.



AND SO, SOON AFTER...

YOU POOR DEAR. WHAT  
A HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE.  
HOWEVER, YOU'LL HAVE  
TO STAY HERE A DAY  
OR TWO TILL I CAN  
FIND SOME SUITABLE  
CLOTHES FOR YOU  
IN TOWN.

YES, THIS  
OUTFIT OF MINE IS  
QUITE TORN  
BUT I CAN'T  
STAY INDOORS.  
IT'S IMPORTANT  
THAT I GO TO  
THE MINE  
AT ONCE!





WILL YOU  
SHOW ME  
WHERE THE  
OLD COLBY  
MINE IS?

WHY, SURE.  
WE CAN USE  
MY HORSE.

I CAN SEE  
THAT THAT  
GIRL'S GOING  
TO BE  
TROUBLESOME!

LATER, INSIDE THE OLD  
DESERTED MINE...

GOSH--IT'S  
SPOOKY IN HERE.  
WE MUST FIND  
SOMETHING--  
HERE--THAT  
WOULD CONNECT  
WITH THAT  
STRANGE  
MESSAGE.

A TOP  
HAT AND A  
SHOVEL IS  
CERTAINLY A  
STRANGE  
COMBINATION.

WE'D  
BETTER USE  
THIS WOODEN  
PLATFORM  
HERE, TILL  
WE GET  
OVER THAT  
SLIME. THIS  
PLACE IS  
SURE  
RUN-DOWN.

RIGHT.  
IT HASN'T  
BEEN  
WORKED  
FOR YEARS--  
NOT EVEN  
WHEN MY  
UNCLE WAS  
LIVING.

SUDDENLY...

LOOK  
OUT!!


I WONDER  
IF--  
YEE-OOW!

CRA-A-K!

HELP!  
I'M SINKING!  
THIS SLIME,  
--IT'S LIKE  
QUICKSAND!

DON'T MOVE.  
YOU'LL SINK  
QUICKER!  
I'LL GET  
YOU OUT!






CATCH HOLD  
OF MY  
LASSO...

ALL RIGHT  
-- I  
HAVE IT!

WHEW!

I'M GLAD I GOT  
OUT OF THAT!  
I GUESS WE  
SHOULDN'T HAVE  
TRUSTED THIS  
OLD WOODEN  
PLANKING--


LOOK HERE! THE EDGE  
OF THIS PLANKING HAS  
BEEN SAWED TO  
MAKE IT GIVE WAY!



HOLD TIGHT...  
HERE YOU GO!

APPARENTLY,  
WHOEVER'S  
BEHIND THIS  
SUSPECTS THAT  
THE MINE  
ISN'T USELESS.

I THINK SOMEONE  
WEAKENED IT TO  
TRAP YOU, SHOULD  
YOU COME HERE.



AND THAT MESSAGE--LOOK!  
THIS PLACE IS FILLED WITH  
OLD SHOVELS AND TOOLS.

YES --  
PERHAPS  
THERE IS  
THE LEAD TO  
THE ANSWER  
TO OUR  
PUZZLE

I'D BETTER GET YOU  
BACK TO YOUR  
AUNT'S PLACE. NOTHING  
MUCH MORE WE CAN  
DO TODAY, YOU BETTE  
GET A CHANGE  
OF CLOTHES.

PERHAPS WE'D BEST  
RETURN TOMORROW,  
AFTER I'VE HAD  
SOME REST, TOO.





WHEN JOAN AND THE RANGER REACH THE RANCH...

THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE BACK. I MUST INSIST THAT YOU STAY HERE TILL I'VE HAD TIME TO GET YOU SOME CLOTHES AND YOU'VE HAD A GOOD REST.

BUT, AUNT--!

I'M SORRY, BUT THIS MEANS SO MUCH TO ME. I JUST CAN'T STAY IN THE HOUSE FOR DAYS, I'LL LOOK IN THE ATTIC. MAYBE I CAN FIND SOME OLD CLOTHES THERE.

MAY I HELP YOU?

IF YOU WISH, BUT YOU WON'T FIND ANYTHING. YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO STAY INDOORS TILL I GO INTO TOWN TOMORROW.

AND IN THE ATTIC...

I GIVE UP--THERE'S NOT A SUITABLE THING TO WEAR HERE.

YOU CAN'T WEAR THIS, BUT LOOK WHAT I'VE FOUND...

THIS **SHOVEL!** THERE'S ENGRAVING ON THE HANDLE-- IT SAYS THIS IS THE FIRST SHOVEL YOUR UNCLE EVER USED.

SHOVEL--! THAT MESSAGE--IT MUST'VE REFERRED TO **THIS SHOVEL!** **QUICK--** LOOK THROUGH THE REST OF THE TRUNK.

LOOK HERE--IT'S HALF OF A MAP-- A MAP OF THE MINE!

AND HERE'S A TOP HAT-- JUST LIKE THAT MESSAGE HAD, NOW HOW DOES THIS TOP HAT FIT HERE? LOOK THROUGH THE LINING.

**LOOK!** HERE IS THE OTHER HALF OF THAT MAP.

AND LOOK--THERE'S A MARK AT A CERTAIN SPOT. LET'S GET DOWN TO THE MINE RIGHTAWAY!



**RACING TO THE OLD MINE, THEY FOLLOW THE MAP AND FIND ...**

HERE IT IS --  
THE SPOT MARKED  
ON THE MAP.

AND LOOK --  
THIS HANDLE  
JUTTING FROM  
THE ROCK. STEP  
BACK AND I'LL  
GIVE IT A PULL.



HERE GOES --!  
SEE THAT ROCK --  
IT'S OPENING !!

IT'S A TUNNEL -- A  
HIDDEN TUNNEL! IT  
MUST BE THE UN-  
TAPPED VEIN OF GOLD  
THAT NO ONE BUT  
UNCLE  
KNEW OF!



**BUT SUDDENLY ...**

YES -- AND THANK  
YOU FOR UNCOVERING  
IT FOR  
US! GO  
GET THEM,  
BOYS!

WHA-??  
WHY, AUNT,  
WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING  
HERE?

WE HAVE  
COMPANY. IT'S  
YOUR THREE  
FRIENDS WHO  
TRIED TO  
TORTURE  
YOU.

THIS TIME I'LL  
FINISH WHAT I  
STARTED ON  
THAT ROAD.

DON'T MAKE US  
LAUGH! ALL RIGHT,  
-- GRAB HIM!



AN OLD SHOVEL LYING  
AROUND CAN COME IN  
MIGHTY HANDY --!







MAYBE YUH GOT THEM BUT NOT ME!

UUUFH!



SAVE YOUR BREATH, PARDNER! YOU'LL NEED IT!

YUH WON'T - YEE-AAH !!



RANGER -- CATCH HER! SHE'S GETTING AWAY!

I NEVER HIT A LADY, BUT --



NOTHING SAYS I CAN'T LASSO ONE! HOLD ON THERE, MRS. BROOKS. YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYPLACE --

AND SO, LATER, BACK IN TOWN, AFTER THE NEW TENANTS HAVE BEEN DEPOSITED IN THE TOWN JAIL ...

THANK YOU, RANGER. I CAN'T IMAGINE MY OWN AUNT BEING BEHIND ALL THIS... SHE NEVER WANTED ME TO HAVE THE MINE.

NO, SHE DIDN'T. WHEN YOUR UNCLE DIED SHE VOWED TO GET RID OF YOU AND FIND THAT HIDDEN VEIN WHICH SHE HAD SOMEHOW FOUND-OUT ABOUT.



WHEN SHE INSISTED YOU STAY IN TILL SHE GOT SOME NEW CLOTHES SHE WAS JUST PLAYING FOR TIME TO SEARCH THE MINE CAREFULLY AND TRY TO DISCOVER THE HIDDEN VEIN. THEN SHE'D GET RID OF YOU AND CLAIM THE MINE HERSELF,

BUT THANKS YOU, ALL HER TRIES TO GET RID OF ME FAILED. YOU'VE BEEN WONDERFUL! PLEASE COME BACK SOMEDAY AND VISIT!





# TRAIL TALES

by an  
OLD RANNY



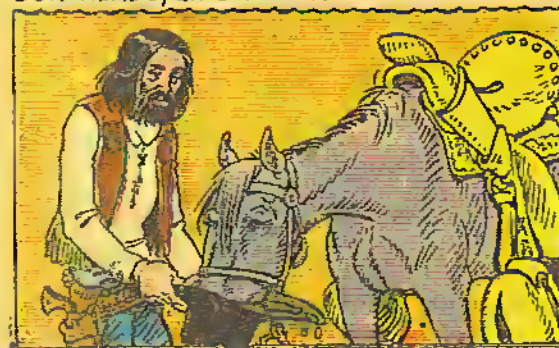
WELL, YOU SEE IT T'WER LIKE THIS —  
WHEN WE FIRST CAME OUT WEST HERE,  
WE WORE STOVE PIPE AND LOW CROWN'D  
WIDE BRIM HATS MADE OF BEAVER FUR



ONE DAY 'BOUT THAT TIME, A PIL-  
GRIM GOT OFF TH' STAGE — A HAT  
MAKER, HE WAS —



YOU SEE, WE HAD TO USE OUR HATS FER  
OTHER THINGS BESIDES WEARIN' 'EM ON  
OUR HEADS, LIKE WATERIN' OUR HORSES —



BUT THEY WURN'T PRACTIAL FOR  
THIS PART OF TH' COUNTRY — THEY JUS'  
SEEMED TO WILT, FLOP, AND GIVE  
AWAY IN GENERAL —



HE SAW RIGHT AWAY WE WUZ NEEDIN'  
TH' RIGHT KIND OF A HAT FER THIS  
KIND OF COUNTRY —



— WASHIN' OUR FACES, AND THEM OLD  
BEAVER FUR HATS KINDA SOAKED UP  
TH' WATER AND LEAKED — —





THEN THUR WUS TH' ELEMENTS WE  
HAD TO PUT UP WITH, IN TH' SUMMER  
A BROAO RIM KEPT TH' HOT SUN OFF -



THEY WUR RIGHT HANDY IN ORVIN'  
COW-CRITTERS - A WHACK OVER A  
CRITTER'S NOSE WOULD OFTEN HAVE  
AN EFFECT WHUR NOTHIN' ELSE WOULD



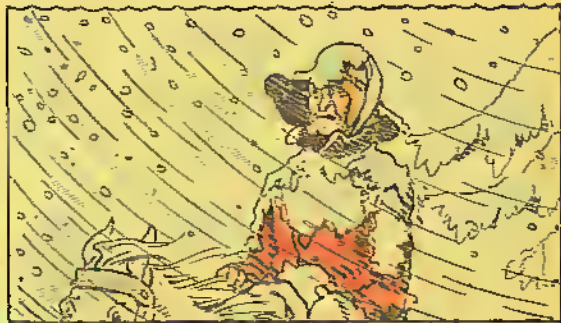
AS I WUZ SAYIN', THAT HAT MAKER,  
STETSON WUZ HIS HANDLE, EF I RECOLLECT  
RIGHT, DONE SEEN WHAT FER WE USED  
OUR HATS AND OUR CRYIN' NEED FER  
A HAT. WHUT COULD TAKE IT - PERTY  
SOON HE SHIPS US A NEW KINDA HAT -



I DON'T KNOW WHY WE CALLED IT TH'  
HORSEMAN'S HAT, BUT ANYWAY IT WUS  
A START, AND THAT FELLER STETSON  
TRIED AGAIN. THIS TIME HE SENT OUT  
A WIDE RIM, LOW CROWN HAT. STILL  
TH' RIM WUS LIKE A BOARD!



AND IN TH' WINTER, WE TIED TH'  
BRIM DOWN OVER OUR EARS WITH  
OUR HANDKERCHIEF -



THEN AGAIN THESE BIG HATS COME IN  
RIGHT HANOV WHEN LEAD SLINGIN'  
GOT TO BE TH' BUSINESS OF TH' DAY -



- BUT HE DIDN'T GIT TH' IDEA AT ALL.  
THIS NEW HAT WUS JES' NO HAT FER A  
HARD WORKIN' COWBOY - IT HAD A LOW  
CROWN AND A NARROW RIM THET WUZ  
AS STIFF AS A BOARD - NOBODY BUT  
TH' TOWN FELLERS WOULD WEAR ONE,  
WE NAMEO IT "TH' HORSEMAN'S HAT"



A FEW OF US COWBOYS TRIED 'EM BUT  
THEY WURN'T WHAT WE WANTED  
THO I DO UNDERSTAND TH' BOYS UP  
NORTH LIKED 'EM. SO, WE CALLED  
THEM TH' NORTHWEST "MOUNTIE"  
ON ACCOUNT THE CANADIAN MOUNTED  
POLICE WORE 'EM.





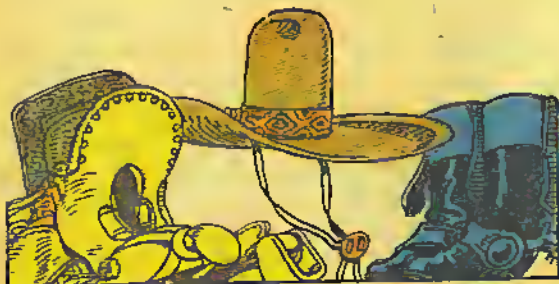
FIANLLY, MR. STETSON INVENTED A NEW MATERIAL FER MAKIN' HATS. INSTEAD OF USIN' BEAVER FUR, HE USED A FELT. THIS WUS RIGHT TIMELY ON ACCOUNT OF BE-CAUSE BEAVER FUR WUS GETTIN' SCARCE

THIS NEW FELT MADE JUST TH' KINOA HAT WE WUS NEEEOIN'. IT WUS A HIGH CROWNO, WIOE ROLLEO RIM. USAGE AN' WEATHER TOOK A LONG TIME GITTIN' THUR WORK IN ON THESE HATS.



THUR WUS ONLY ONE FAULT WITH 'EM. THEY WUS MIGHTY EXPENSIVE FER A COWBOY TO BUY, BUT LIKE HIS BOOTS AND SADOLE, ONLY TH' BEST WOULD DO.

-- A COWBOY BEIN' KINO OF AN INDIVIDUALIST AND CRAFTSMAN, WANTS HIS OWN BRANO OF A HAT BANO -- SAY LIKE A HANO-PLATTED HORSEHAIR BAND, A SNAKESKIN OR A FANCY SILVER CONCHAS -- 'N' CETRY --



COURSE, ONE CAN BUY A CHEAP HAT OF SOME SUBSTITUTE KINDA FELT, SAME WHICH GOES TO PIECES POCO TIMEO. MOST DUDES AN' KIDS BUY 'EM.



THESE HATS'R CALLED -- HUMMIN' BIRDS!

BETCHA PLENTY DINERO, THIS GOOD OLD HAT O' MINE'S NO HUMMING BIRD!



NAW - 'STOO EXPENSIVE LOOKIN'

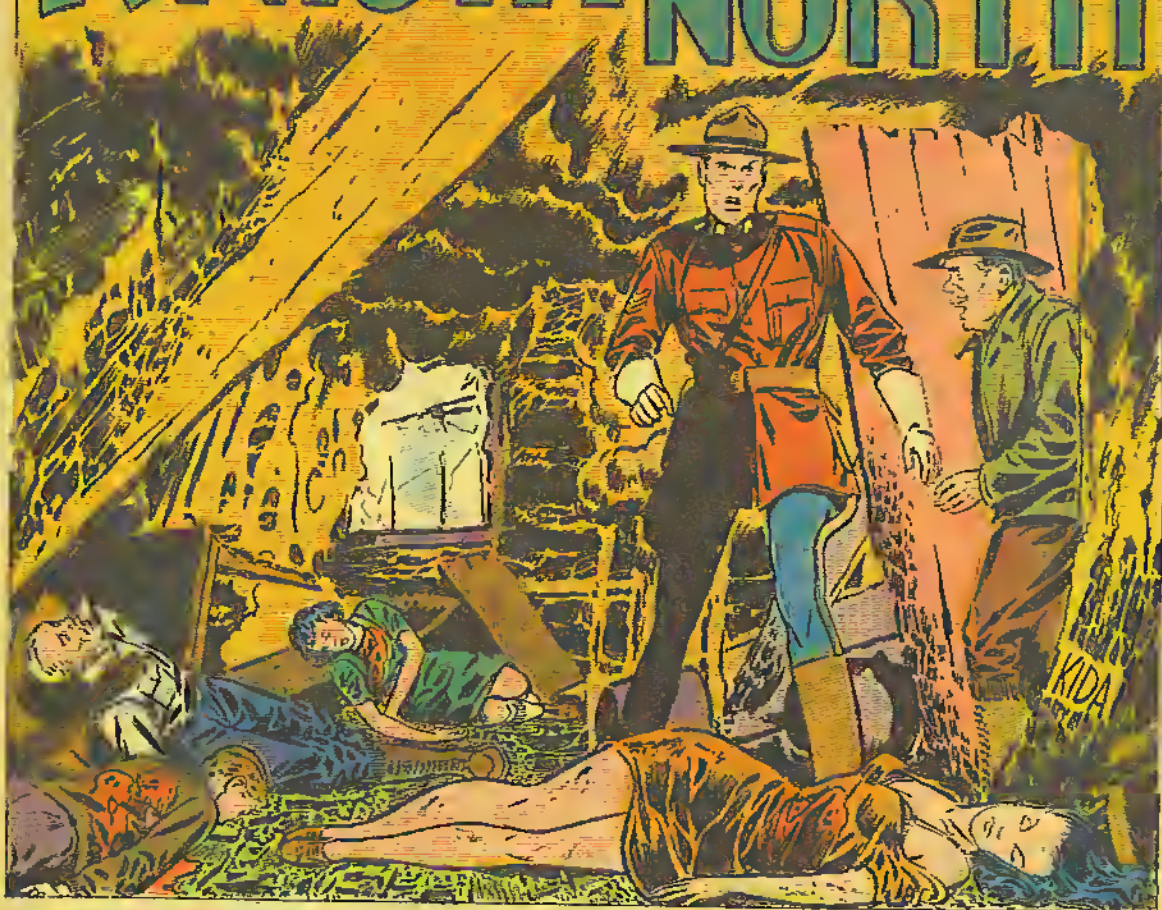


HMM-M- I WONOER IF HE'S KIDDING ME, MAYBE MY HAT IS A - A HUMMING BIRD!





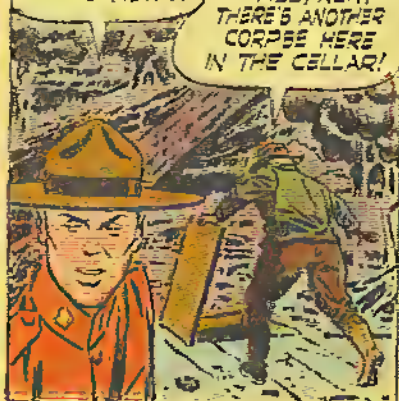
# KNIGHT of the NORTH



**N**OTHING UNUSUAL EVER HAPPENED IN THE TINY SASKATCHEWAN TOWN OF MILLGLOW--- THEN, ONE DAY, LIKE A LIGHTNING BOLT, MURDER STRUCK A SAVAGE BLOW AT THE BEWILDERED HAMLET! --AND NOT ONE MURDER, BUT SIX!! SERGEANT KEN KNIGHT FOUND NOT A SINGLE CLUE! NOT A SHRED OF EVIDENCE POINTING TOWARD A KILLER! WHO COULD HAVE BEEN THE "MURDERER UNKNOWN" ?????

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! FIVE PEOPLE, ALL RELATED, SHOT TO DEATH-- AND THEN BURNED IN THEIR HOUSE-- HOW GHASTLY!

THAT ISN'T ALL, KEN! THERE'S ANOTHER CORPSE HERE IN THE CELLAR!



MRS. LUBART! SHE MUST'VE BEEN TRYING TO HIDE WHEN THE MURDERER SHOT HER AFTER SHE GOT DOWN THE LADDER!

THAT MAKES SIX DEAD-- NOT COUNTING THE COWS THE MANIAC KILLED-- OVER IN THE BARN!





AN HOUR LATER--

EACH HAS BEEN SHOT TWICE WITH A RIFLE--WINCHESTER! THE BULLETS DON'T LIE!

WE'RE MATCHING WITS WITH A MANIAC! EVEN THE COWS IN THE BARN WERE SHOT TWICE!

NOTHING, KEN! NOT A CLUE! THE GUY AUGHT'VE BEEN A MANIAC, BUT HE WAS AS SMART AS A JUDGE!

WELL, LET'S SEE SOME OF THE FAMILY'S FRIENDS, AND TRY TO PIECE TOGETHER WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT!



IN THE TOWN OF MILLGLOW, SHORTLY AFTER--

SURE, I WAS THE LAST ONE TO SEE JOE TIGHE ALIVE--AND THE LUBARTS TOO! TIGHE WAS A COUSIN OF THEIRS, YOU KNOW!

TELL US AS MUCH AS YOU KNOW OF THE DEAD PEOPLE'S WHEREABOUTS LAST NIGHT, MR. MVLTON!

YESTERDAY WAS MEETIN' DAY. THE LUBARTS WERE THERE, AND SO WAS JOE TIGHE! WE FINISHED EARLY, AND THE LUBARTS WENT HOME! JOE, AND A COUPLE OF THE BOYS, INCLUDIN' ME, DIDN'T WANT TO GO SO SOON, SO WE WENT TO MY HOUSE, AND PLAYED CARDS!



"...WE PLAYED ABOUT TWO HOURS, AND THEN JOE AND THE OTHER BOYS GOT UP!"

TIME WE WERE GOIN' HOME! YOU COMIN' MIKE?

YEAH, SAM AND ME--WE GO YOUR WAY FOR A SPELL!

'NIGHT, MR. MVLTON!

'NIGHT! SEE YOU TOMORROW!

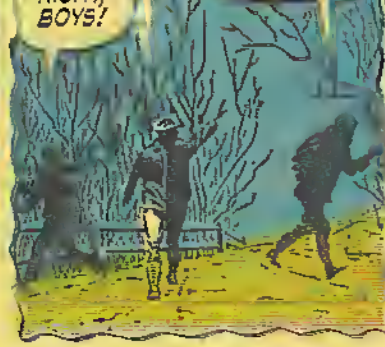
"...A MILE FROM MY PLACE, THE THREE BROKE UP...POOR JOE-- DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS COMING HOME TO, DID HE?"

SO LONG, MIKE. SEE YOU IN THE MORNIN'!

'NIGHT, BOYS!

NOT IF I SEE YOU FIRST!

--THAT'S ALL I KNOW OF THE CASE, SERGEANT-- THAT THE LUBARTS WENT HOME EARLY, AND JOE TIGHE LEFT MY PLACE AT ELEVEN TO GET HIMSELF KILLED WITH THEM!





THIS BOYA--  
WASN'T HE A  
RELATION  
BY MARRIAGE  
TO THE  
LUBARTS AND  
TIGHE?

YEAH-- MIKE WAS THAT!  
HE MARRIED CLARA LUBART,  
THE DAUGHTER! PRETTY GIRL!  
BUT THEY HAD FIGHTS, AND  
LAST YEAR CLARA LEFT  
MIKE, AND WENT HOME  
TO LIVE WITH HER FATHER---



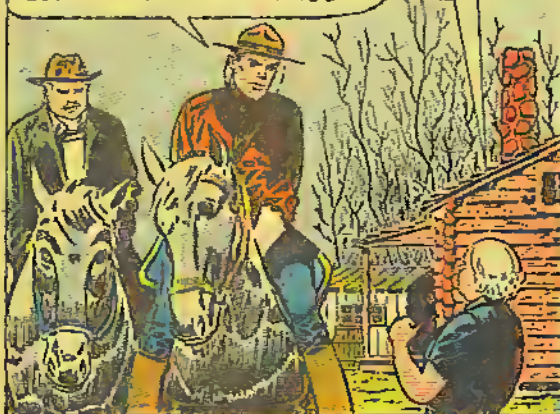
YOU'RE THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING, AREN'T YOU,  
KEN?--THAT MIKE BOYA HAD A MOTIVE FOR  
GETTING EVEN WITH HIS  
BRIDE'S FAMILY?

YES, BILL! IN FACT--  
WE'RE SEEING  
MIKE BOYA NOW!



LOOKIN' FOR MIKE? I'M MIKE'S MA! MIKE'S  
IN THE BACK  
BARN,  
THERE!

THANKS, MRS. BOYA, WE'VE GOT A  
COUPLE OF QUESTIONS TO ASK MIKE  
ABOUT THE LUBART KILLINGS---



BELIEVE ME, OFFICER! MIKE HAD NOTHIN' TO DO  
WITH IT! LAST NIGHT HE CAME HOME A LITTLE  
AFTER ELEVEN! HE ATE SOMETHIN' AN' THEN  
WENT TO SLEEP! MIKE'S  
A GOOD BOY!

DON'T UPSET YOURSELF,  
MRS. BOYA, IF MIKE'S  
INNOCENT, HE'S GOT  
NOTHING TO FEAR!

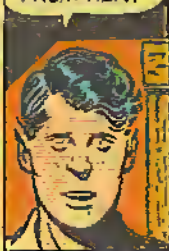


MOUNTIES?! ABOUT THE LUBARTS,  
EH? YOU THINK I HAD SOMETHIN'  
TO DO WITH IT  
'CAUSE I  
THREATENED  
TO KILL THEM?

YOU DID THREATEN  
TO KILL THEM--?  
SUPPOSE YOU TELL  
US ABOUT THAT, MIKE!  
IT INTERESTS ME  
POWERFULLY!



I MARRIED  
CLARA LUBART  
ABOUT TWO  
YEARS AGO--  
SHE LEFT ME  
LAST YEAR--  
EVERYTHING  
WAS QUARRELS!  
I STILL LIKED  
HER, BUT THE  
OLD MAN MADE  
ME STAY AWAY  
FROM HER!



"--A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO I MADE UP MY  
MIND TO TAKE CLARA BACK--"

I'M HER HUSBAND, AND I SAY SHE'S COMING  
BACK WITH ME!  
NOBODY'S STOPPING  
ME, EITHER!

IF YOU DON'T GET OUT  
OF MY HOUSE,  
MIKE BOYA--!





SO HELP ME GOD I'LL BLOW THE HEART OUT OF YOU! NOW GET OUT OF HERE, AND DON'T COME SACK!

SO IT'S GUNS YOU WANT TO PLAY WITH, EH? ALL RIGHT! LOOK OUT FOR ME, LUBART -- LOOK OUT!



SURE--I THREATENED THEM! BUT I HAD NOTHIN' TO DO WITH KILLIN' THEM! I AIN'T BEEN NEAR THEIR FARM FOR NEARLY A YEAR!

THEN, HOW COME YOU SIT DOWN AND PLAY CARDS WITH JOE TIGHE, LUBART'S COUSIN, IF YOU'RE ON THE OUTS WITH THE WHOLE FAMILY?



I WASN'T ON THE OUTS, WITH JOE! JOE WAS A NICE GUY. WHEN I GOT HOME LAST NIGHT, AFTER LEAVIN' JOE ON THE ROAD, I ATE AND WENT TO SLEEP. THAT'S ALL I DID LAST NIGHT... SLEEP! THAT'S ALL! WANT TO ARREST ME FOR SLEEPIN'?



NOT UNLESS YOU WALKED IN YOUR SLEEP WITH A WINCHESTER! COME ON OUTSIDE, MIKE, AND SHOW US THE CLOTHES YOU WORE LAST NIGHT.

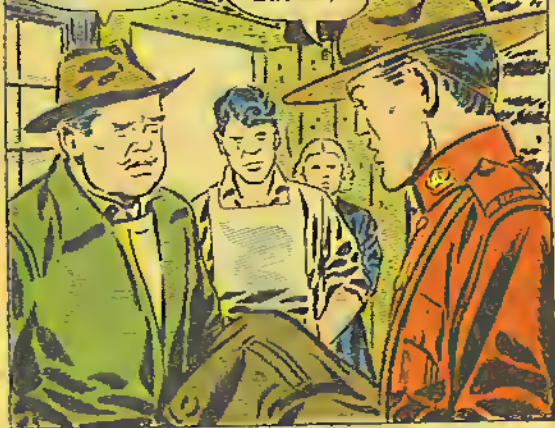
SO YOU THINK I'VE BEEN BULLING YOU? SURE, I'LL SHOW 'EM TO YOU... COME ON!



INSIDE THE HOUSE--

WELL, KEN?

MIKE'S NOT ACTING! THESE CLOTHES DON'T SHOW A SIGN OF SMOKE, FIRE OR BLOOD!



WE CAN'T SUSPECT BOVA, BILL! IT'S PHYSICALLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO HAVE TRAILED JOE TIGHE, SHOT HIM, THEN SHOT ALL OF THE LUBARTS AND THE COWS, FIRED THE HOUSES, AND THEN COME BACK HERE-- ALL IN A HALF HOUR!

THEN WHO DID IT?





WE'RE UP AGAINST A PUZZLE! WE'VE GOT TO BEGIN ALL OVER AGAIN! -- BOTH AT THE HOUSE AND THE FAMILIES IN MILLGLOW --- AND FIND SOME FRESH CLUES!

OKAY, KEN --- YOU TAKE THE HOUSE! I'LL CHECK UP IN THE TOWN!



HELLONY COVERS THE TOWNSHIP --

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A WANDERING STRANGER WHO BUMPED OFF THE LUBARTS?

THEY NEVER HAD NO DEALINGS WITH STRANGERS! EVERYBODY LIKED THEM! NOBODY WOULD KILL THEM BY THE HALF DOZEN!



DIDN'T THE LUBARTS HAVE ANY ENEMIES?

NAW! EXCEPT JOE TIGHE AND MIKE BOVA --



JOE TIGHE?!! WHY, WHAT ABOUT TIGHE? WHY SHOULD HE BE THEIR ENEMY?

HE WAS SWEET ON MIKE'S WIFE, CLARA! OLD MAN LUBART DIDN'T LIKE THAT MORE'N HE LIKED MIKE BOVA, HIMSELF! TIGHE AND THE LUBARTS HAD SOME FANCY FIGHTS OVER CLARA!



BUT WHAT OF IT? JOE'S IN NO CONDITION TO BE SUSPECTED --- WITH TWO BULLETS IN HIM LIKE THE REST!

YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT! FOR A SECOND I THOUGHT YOU GAVE ME A LEAD -- BUT, IT'S A LEAD TO NOWHERE!



SHORTLY AFTER -- WELL? FIND ANYTHING NEW?

NOPE! JUST A LOT OF .32 CALIBER WINCHESTER CARTRIDGES, AND THE RIFLE TOO -- ALL BURNED UP --





IN FACT, I'M BEGINNING TO GET BURNED UP, MYSELF-- I'M SO MYSTIFIED IT ISN'T FUNNY! WHAT DID YOU

FIND OUT?

NOTHING TO AMUSE YOU, EXCEPT THAT IF JOE TIGHE WASN'T DEAD-- I'D BE SUSPECTING HIM OF THE KILLINGS!



I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, KEN, BUT WHEN I SEE A GUY DEAD, WITH TWO BULLETS IN HIM, THAT GUY IS PERFECTLY ALIBIED!

MAYBE YES-- MAYBE NO! WE'RE DIGGING UP THE CORONER!



HELLO, DOCTOR... I SEE YOU'VE GOT A FULL HOUSE! BY ANY CHANCE, IS JOE TIGHE ONE OF THE SLAP PARTIES?

WHY YES! HE'S THE ONE ON THE EXTREME LEFT... A BULLET WOUND IN HIS HEAD, AND ONE IN THE CHEST-- BOTH CAUSING INSTANTANEOUS DEATH!

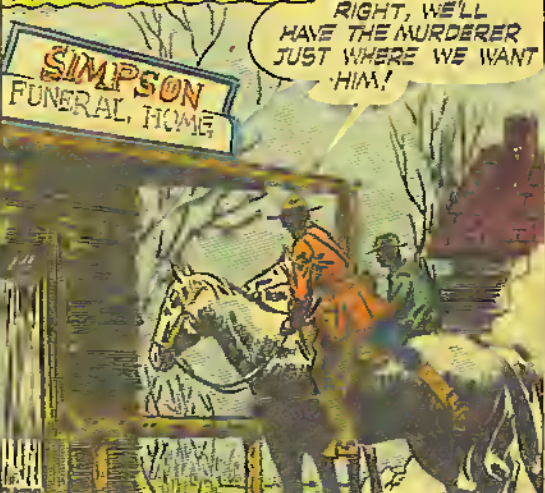


YOU SEE, JOE WAS NUTS ABOUT CLARA FROM THE TIME SHE MARRIED MIKE BOVA, BUT THE LUBARTS DIDN'T LIKE JOE FOR THEIR DAUGHTER ANY MORE'N THEY LIKED MIKE!



A HALF HOUR LATER--

IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, WE'LL HAVE THE MURDERER JUST WHERE WE WANT HIM!



STRAIGHTEN OUT A POINT FOR ME, DOCTOR-- IF THE CHEST WOUND CAUSED INSTANTANEOUS DEATH, THE CHEST CAVITY WOULD NOT BE SWIMMING WITH BLOOD, RIGHT?

OF COURSE! BUT I TELL YOU, DEATH WAS INSTANTANEOUS!





THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN, DOCTOR! I WANT AN AUTOPSY DONE ON TIGHE'S BODY IMMEDIATELY! I MUST KNOW WHETHER OR NOT, TIGHE COMMITTED SUICIDE!

VERY WELL, KNIGHT! IF YOU

DON'T THINK MY DIAGNOSIS WAS CORRECT, I'LL VERIFY IT, AND HAVE YOUR APOLOGY IN THE BARGAIN!



TIME PASSES, AND THEN--

THAT'S ODD! I COULD HAVE SWORN!

WHAT'S UP DOCTOR? FIND SOMETHING?



KNIGHT, I WAS WRONG! TIGHE DIDN'T DIE FROM THE CHEST WOUND. HE ONLY SUFFERED AN INTERNAL HEMORRHAGE! THE HEAD WOUND

KILLED HIM!

EXCELLENT! NOW GIVE ME A SPONGE TO CLEAN THE WOUND ON TIGHE'S HEAD!



THERE! UNDER THE GRIME I WIPED AWAY, YOU CAN SEE THE POWDER MARKS OF THE SUICIDE SHOT TIGHE SENT INTO HIS OWN HEAD!



TIGHE IS OUR MURDERER! IT WAS HE WHO WIPED OUT THE LUBART FAMILY, AND THEN KILLED HIMSELF--AND I'LL TELL YOU HOW



"--WHEN TIGHE RETURNED TO THE LUBARTS AFTER THE CARD GAME, SOMEHOW HE BROUGHT UP THE MATTER OF MARRYING CLARA, THE DAUGHTER. WHEN HE WAS TURNED DOWN AGAIN, HE MUST'VE GONE BERSERK!"

SO, I'M NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER!? I'LL SHOW YOU! YOU'LL ALL BE GOOD FOR NOTHING IN A MINUTE!

JOE! N-NO!!!



ALL OF YOU! NOT ONE WILL I LEAVE ALIVE!

OH-H-H-H

BANG BANG





"--I KNEW THE WINCHESTER BELONGED TO LUBART BECAUSE IT WAS MISSING FROM ITS HOOKS ON THE WALL. THE ONE PERSON WHO HATED THE LUBARTS USED IT TO KILL THEM ALL -- SYSTEMATICALLY!"



YOU'RE NEXT, CLARA! YOU'RE NEXT! MAYBE YOU'LL LIKE THIS BETTER THAN MARRIAGE!  
HA-HA!!



DIE, CLARA, DIE!!

OHHHHH--

BANG  
BANG



YOU'RE THE LAST, BUT NOT THE LEAST, MARGARET! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE! SEE?

YEOWW

BANG  
BANG



"--AFTER KILLING EVERYONE, TIGHE SLAUGHTERED THE CATTLE, AND SET FIRE TO THE BARN AND HOUSE.. THEN HE TRIED TO KILL HIMSELF -- UNSUCCESSFULLY!"

I MISSED MY HEART! I'M DYING, BUT NOT .... FAST ENOUGH!  
--THE FLAMES WILL DEVOUR ME ALIVE!



"--FEELING THE HEAT AROUND HIM, AND KNOWING HE'D SOON BE IN THE FLAMES HIMSELF, TIGHE LEANED THE RIFLE AGAINST HIS HEAD, AND PULLED THE TRIGGER!"

I'LL SEE THAT THEY DON'T!



WHEW! THAT'S AS CLEAR AS CRYSTAL NOW! OF COURSE TIGHE DID IT! HOW'D YOU HAPPEN TO HIT ON THE SOLUTION, KEN?

I'VE GOT A PRETTY GOOD INCENTIVE, BILL. IT WOULDN'T LOOK GOOD TO HAVE SIX UNSOLVED MURDERS ON THE FORCE'S BOOKS -- WOULD IT?

